Wrapped Up In Your Touch by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Billy's blue eyes are glued to the television screen where Alien has been playing for the last 45 minutes. Steve's got to admit, the movie is pretty good, but he is much more distracted by Billy's hands where they are currently wrapped around Steve's right foot, kneading and massaging. Steve's never had a foot massage before. It's not exactly the kind of thing girls give freely. But this? This feels so fucking good.

Wrapped Up In Your Touch

Author's Note:

> Back at it again tackling a fetish I have not tackled before. At least, I don't think I have. But I like feet. Hopefully some of you are into this, too :D I've been playing with this idea for a while and sort of humming and hawing, but after thinking about it I decided that if anyone was gonna put a foot in his mouth without a second thought it was going to be Billy.
>
> Title is borrowed from the song Latch by Disclosure.
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> As always kudos/comments/con-crit are most welcome. If anyone wants to talk Harringrove fetish headcanons please get at me! <3

It's movie night.

Billy's blue eyes are glued to the television screen where Alien has been playing for the last 45 minutes. Steve's got to admit, the movie is pretty good, but he is much more distracted by Billy's hands where they are currently wrapped around Steve's right foot, kneading and massaging. Steve's never had a foot massage before. It's not exactly the kind of thing girls give freely. But this? *This* feels so fucking good. It makes Steve feel warm all over.

He knows he's making soft little moaning noises when Billy rubs him just right and a part of him feels a little embarrassed about it, but Billy doesn't seem to mind. In fact, his lips are curved up just the slightest as he digs his thumbs into the groove right above Steve's heel and drags them firmly up the arch to the ball. Steve's toes twitch and he sucks his bottom lip into his mouth. He shifts against the couch, readjusting his legs where they're thrown over Billy's lap.

Billy's eyes leave the television long enough to glance at the front of Steve's jeans where is cock is beginning to thicken up. He smirks.

"Good?"

"I-yeah. It's, ah, really fucking good actually."

Billy's brows furrow slightly as he rubs his way between Steve's toes.

"What, no one's ever?" he asks, nodding to where his thick fingers are curled around Steve's foot. Steve shakes his head, mouth dropping open at the sensation of Billy zeroing in on his big toe. Steve's hips hitch, just the slightest and then Billy's got that look on his face, all sharp teeth and crinkled eyes. He's up to something, but Steve is too sleep-slow and distracted by this newfound pleasure to stop him before Billy switches his grip to Steve's ankle and sucks Steve's big toe into his mouth.

The intense, wet heat goes straight to his cock, leg trembling as his knee jerks back against his chest causing his toe to release with an obscene pop. Billy's watching him, wide-eyed, Steve's ankle still clasped lightly in his grip.

"*Jesus*, babe. Almost took my fuckin' teeth out."

"Fuck, sorry, I'm sorry!"

"Too much?"

"No?" It comes out like a question. Billy's watching him carefully as he pants hard. The thing is Steve doesn't know if it's too much. No one's ever touched his feet like this before, let alone with their mouth. Steve hadn't *not* liked it. He just hadn't expected...that. His big toe glistens in the lamp light as Billy worries his bottom lip with his teeth. The silence stretches out between them, on the cusp of uncomfortable before Billy seems to make a decision.

Steve watches as Billy pressed a kiss to the damp skin before sucking the toe back into his mouth and Steve throws his head back with a moan.

"Ohh fuck," Steve murmurs.

Billy wriggles his tongue in between Steve's first toe and his second and almost gets a kick in the mouth for his efforts.

“Oh my God, what,” Steve pants. His cock has swelled, fully hard and very interested in the proceedings despite his better judgement. Billy works his way across Steve’s toes, tongue dipping and slithering between each and every one until Steve’s hips are pumping, cockhead dragging against the inside of his jeans. Billy's making the same sounds he does when he sucks Steve off and that only makes it better.

“Billy, I..."

Billy pulls off, nips at the ball of Steve's foot, "What is it, baby?"

"*God*, I feel it. Like, in my dick."

Billy chuckles low, "Yeah? Show me."

And Steve doesn't need to be asked twice. He fumbles frantically with his button and zipper. Billy whistles as Steve pulls out his cock. It's hard and wet and throbbing.

"Shit. Just from this?" Billy asks before opening his jaw and sucking four toes into his mouth at once. Steve's cock kicks up against his belly with another blurt of precome. Billy moans around Steve's foot and Steve shudders violently at the vibrations. Billy draws back with a slick, sloppy sound, a thick string of saliva connecting his lips to Steve's foot.

"Touch yourself," Billy rumbles as he drops Steve's foot back into his own lap and picks up the other. Steve bends his knee, curls his wet toes over the front of Billy's jeans and gives a gentle push and drag against the length of Billy's hard cock. Billy groans, fucks his hips up against Steve as Steve takes himself in hand.

Billy wastes no time in running his tongue up the length of Steve's left arch before sucking his big toe into his mouth. He sucks in hot pulses, teeth dragging against the thick pad of Steve's toe. Steve whines at the sensation of Billy's mouth coupled with the pleasure of his own hand working his cock. Steve pulls hard and fast, grip slick with precome. Billy's watching him intently, cheeks hollowed out, hips pumping up into the delicious weight of Steve's foot and the friction it provides.

"Fuck, Billy, you're gonna make me come."

Billy responds by working his tongue back in between Steve's toes and grinding his thumbs into Steve's arch and then Steve's cock is swelling in his grip before his eyes slam shut and he spurts over his fist and up his chest, over his lips and his cheek. Billy whimpers around Steve's foot before dropping it back down into his lap with the other.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Billy mutters as he works around Steve's damp feet to get his own cock out. Billy wraps his hands around Steve's feet, pushing and pulling until the balls and heels are pressed together. Steve watches entranced at the way Billy spits down into his arches before Billy's cock is slipping in between. Billy moans as one of Steve's toes cracks under the pressure.

"*Steve*. Just a little more, baby," Billy grunts with the effort of holding Steve in place. Steve pushes his feet together harder, shuddering at the way Billy's slick cock rubs against the sensitive skin there. The friction is so good, so sweet, but it's the way Steve sucks his own come off his bottom lip that finally has Billy seizing, shooting hot thick spunk over Steve's feet.

Billy looks as uncertain as Steve feels as Billy finally releases his grip on Steve. Steve looks from Billy's flushed face, down to his come soaked feet.

"Huh," Steve says.

"Hmm?" Billy hums back almost cautiously.

And then Steve is slowly lifting his leg and waggling his wet, messy toes right in front of Billy's mouth with a shy smile, "Again?"

Billy blows out a relieved breath before breaking into a grin.

"You are one filthy fuckin' bitch, Harrington."

"You love it."

"You're goddamn right, I do."